

[Mike Pelletier (Miscellaneous)]

There' [???] three changes in the work in the evaporatin' room since [??] work at Great works. When I started work there they needto burn the liquor by hand. Then they put in [those?] three rotary burners. The automatic burner they have now is the best of them all.

"I've seen some bad accidents down there. Jo Callant was down in the basement when a digester started to blow. The collar came off a valve and the digester blew right in the basement room. When we cleared away that pulp we found Jo on his hands and knees against the wall. his flesh was cooked so much that when we tried to pick him up, the flesh came off in our hands. You probably remember when old Henry Curran got his sleeve caught when he was oilin' a shaft. Before they got the power shut off every bone in Curran's body was broken. "When [?] the need to carry of so many children could [?] happen now because the [???] about [?? of [?]]. They have [??] to keep [?] from [?] [?], out of control [?]. "I don't think we'll ever go back to eight hours in the pulp mill at Great Works. The men wouldn't mind the extra hours if they got paid for them, but if they didn't the A. F. of L. would put up quite a kick. We have a union down there that belongs to the federation. I don't think the company would want to go back to three shifts just now because if they did they'd have to lay off 150 men. Those men couldn't find any other work around here, and if the town didn't take care of them I don't know what they'd do. Bill [Nioux?]: "They'll think Mike is Chinese, puttin' the first part of his story last." P.1 Mrs. Pelletier: "Well, I guess I was to blame for that. We thought that mistake was very funny." Mike: "It was funny, all right. Now that social that was given for Father Ouillette was given to mark his twenty years as a priest. There must have been seventy-five or a hundred people there and besides those speeches I spoke about, we had a little piano music and my wife and I played the accordians. We had a lunch of coffee, cake, and sandwiches. that stuff was all made by the women of the parish. "A few weeks ago we had a whist party over there in the convent to raise money for the school. Besides the card playin' we had

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some movin' pictures. There as a priest there from Lewiston, where Father [Ouillet?] came from, and he had one of those home projectors and some moving pictures he'd taken in different places. there were some real good colored pictures of Montreal. One of the scenes showed a parade of priests. That was narrow film, of course. The pictures on the screen were only about four feet square. But they were good. "That wasn't a clam chowder we had at that grange meeting: it was an oyster stew."

Maine

Living Lore

Old Town—24 "About the only story I can think of right now [?] when I went to school is about a boy named [Mortin?]. He was pretty wild, and they had to expel him for gettin' rough and swearin'. He threw a book and hit Miss [Edgerly?] right in the face. She was a daughter of that Dr. [Edgerly?] that used to be here. George [Gewell?] was the superintendent of schools [then,?] and he came down and expelled [?] [?] "I don't think anybody carried a lunch then because we all lived right in town. The kids that lived out in the country had their own little schools then, but they've closed some of them because it's cheaper to bring th scholars in to town in busses then it is to run the little schools. That would have been pretty hard to bring the kids in sixty years ago because they had no big, fast [????????]

"The convent is the only wooden school they have now in the city. I went there the last two years I went to school. They had no plumbing in that then, but they have now. They had [?] in the [?] too, but they did away with that. The [????] [?] of [? wells some? years ago, but the city water [is??] [?] and [?] all [???]. Inserted One of my chums, Freddie King, was killed when he was seven years old. He was out swimmin' and he dived in and struck his head on a rock under the water. I wasn't there when ge got hurt, but I went to his funeral. He lived just three days and his head swelled up to twice the proper size. Charlie King was his father.

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"And [?] of [???] of something [??] #" When the Maine Central first run here it was called the European Railroad. The Bangor and [Aroostock?] was called the Bangor and [Piscataquis?], and it run from Bangor to Greenville. Later they run the trains to Bangor around the other way and the trains from Oldtown connected with them at South Lagrange. That train was called the Hump backed Express because the conductor, Jim Elder, was humpbacked. The Bangor and Aroostook tracks were torn up five years ago, and the people who owned lots along the right of way shared in that land. They tore up three of the bridges up above here, and where their roundhouse was in Hartwell there is now a trailer camp. [Mr.?]: "Do you know anything about [that?] old [?] that [???]? Mike: "That old house on Chester Street used to be called the Sawtelle house. George Harding's wife, who was a Getchell, inherited that place, and Harding sold it to Robbins. Some people say the land belongs to the Maine Central, and some say the city owns it. The house was about ready to fall down, and every one thought Robbins, who has a lot of civic pride, was going to tear it down to rid the town of an eyesore. But instead of that he started to repair it. He put on an expensive roof, built new foundations, and put in new windows and so forth. I understand he intended to make the place over into an inn, but for some reason he didn't complete the repairs. Maybe he thought he'd lose money if he started a hotel-there are so many overnight camps around here. That would have been a good location for a hotel, though, as it's so near the station.

The kids have smashed out most of the windows, and it probably won't be long before it looks as bad as ever." Mike: "That sawmill of General Veazie's where my father worked was before my time. I know he worked there but I couldn't describe it. In the winters they never used to remove the snow from the roads; they just broke them out. The people would just shovel paths form the door to the road. "At those kitchen breakdowns we used to have whatever kind of music there was available. Somebody might have a fiddle, or maybe it would be an accordion or a jews harp. Sometimes we sang songs. If there wasn't room for square dancin', we'd dance clogs. We used to have straw rides, too, but I guess they kind of went out when the automobiles came in. About twenty of us-or ten couples-

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used to fill a hayrack with straw, toss in a barrel of beer, and set out for some farmhouse. I've gone on more than one of them out to French Settlement-West Oldtown- or Pushaw Pond. When we went to French Settlement some one would go out around to all the farms and collect as many people as they could to join in the fun. We sang songs, danced, played games- like postoffice- drank the beer and had a good time generally." only three days at that. He was pretty enthusiastic about this place, and he said that when he started on his vacation next year he wasn't going to stop anywhere enroute, but that he was going to come straight to Oldtown." Mrs. Pelletier: "It's no wonder they liked Oldtown so well. We were out there in Saint Louis once. That is such a smoky city! If you put your hand on a rail outdoors you get it sooty, and the bricks in the buildings are not red, but black from soot. The smoke doesn't rise like it does here: it settles down near the ground. "We liked the trip on the bus. These drivers are such smart young men! We never had to think about our baggage." Mike: "I enjoyed watching those drivers out around corners in New York City with those big busses. We went on the Greyhound Line. We went through the Holland Tunnel and across New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. On the way back we came by the southern route through Virginia. At the end of the run I noticed there was a mark on the back of the drivers coat where the back of the seat had pressed against it.

Mike: "[I'll?] fight, let's go. I wish those [?] folks were here now. You'd get a lot about Oldtown from them. James and his family were visiting us last summer, and we took them around to lot of places in the car. He is the chief of police in Valley Park, Missouri. He sat with me out there in the sun porch with the windows open and a breeze blowing in, and he says to me, "Mike, the breeze from that pine wood is wonderful! We never get anything like that in Missouri." I'd been living right near that wood all my life, and I never thought anything about it. We took them down to Bar Harbor, to the Thunder Hole, and down to the coast to dig clams." Mrs. Pelletier: "James enjoyed that clam digging: it was something entirely new to him. He had a clam bake on the shore. He gets a big kick out of photography, and he took a lot of pictures down there."

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around the earth now on waves of electricity, and there's no reason why they couldn't have been then. Accordin' to the story, some people were sittin' on a porch one night, and they heard the sounds of oars in rowlocks. It sounded as though some one was rowin' a boat up in the air. Then they heard a shout: 'LOOK OUT! THERE's A [ROCK?] AHEAD! Now the people in that boat might have been a thousand miles away, and the sounds they made might have been picked up and carried along by electricity in the air and attracted to that spot by some natural magnet in the rocks. Back in the old days they said things like that were the work of [banshees?]." (On a previous visit to Mr. Pelleteir's home I asked Mike to describe the improvements that had occurred in his room since he started work there. He described three processes in detail, but, as I said before, I couldn't remember any part of them. This time I asked him to describe only the first one. He did that but he went on and described the other two as well, so I was just as bad

Mike: I guess the reason father left Canada to come to Maine was because a lot of other people had left there and he had heard that there were more jobs over here and better pay. I never heard him tell of any unusual experiences on the trip down. That took about five days. I remember now he did say that one night one of the kids felt scared because the place where they stopped to sleep was in the woods. (Mike said before that they had come down in a covered wagon.) The roads were pretty bad then. That country [didn't] build up very much then and a lot of the [route?] lay through woodland.

"We travel a lot in our [car?] in the summertime. Out in Missouri that time we went to see the Lindberg trophies in the memorial building in Saint Louis. Say, about everything you could imagine was there: diamond pins, watches, cups, and Lord knows what else. All given to Lindberg by admirers of his. There was so much stuff that he couldn't possibly keep it all and he left it in this memorial building. Anybody could spend all day there just looking over these things. It doesn't cost anything to go through [there?]. [—?]" We go out berry pickin' every year. Last year we got sixty quarts of raspberries up at the Jordan cuttings. They used to be thick a few years ago over at the radio line, in Bradley, but that

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place is all growed up now. It's pretty well growed up too out at Pushaw Pond. Those places last only about three years. We always take out a few sandwiches for a lunch and a little drinkin' water. We could have got along without a lunch last summer, thought, out at the Jordan cuttings. I never saw such big berries. We filled our pails in no time. no # run in

I heard that old mill (the Oldtown [?] mill, which had been shut down for two years) has been sold. They say they're going to junk some of the old looms and put in automatic worsted looms. I heard, too, that it was going to be a powder mill and an aeroplane factory. I wish that mill would start - it would be such a fine thing for Oldtown. But I'll believe it two weeks after it start up. (Albert came n about here to tell about the accident to his wife, and Mrs. Pelletier left to go over [?].) Mike: "They don't have any of those straw rides andy breakdowns [?] I told you [?] the last time, now. They went out when the automobile came in. the young folks [?] go to dances and the movies. The older people go to bridge and whist parties. Some times the young folks have parties where they play ' postoffice. ' Those old games like 'spin the Plate' would make a hit with them. I know it because we've tried it out right here. "We go to card parties once in a while, but I don't believe we've been to the movies twice in the last year. Those 'love pictures' are no good, but I like a good western. I don't read much now, but I used to like western magazines and stories. When I was a kid I never got enough of those wild west [yarns?]. [?] the [??] I like the [??] a [???] for breakfasts'. [They have some?] good jokes there. I guess I've sort of settled down [?]."

THE LIFE OF MIKE PELLETIER, FRENCH CANADIAN

(EXTRACTION), PULP AND PAPER MAKER Mike: "My father lived on a farm in Canada. He came to Old Town for St. Herbert, Quebec, in 1865. * The first place he worked was in a sawmill in Veazie that was owned by General Samuel Veazie who built the old Veazie Railroad between Bangor and Old Town. That Veazie road (he refers to the street now known as Perkins Avenue along which the railroad run, long after the tracks were torn up the throughfare was known as the "Veazie Railroad"), was twenty feet higher than it is now when the railroad ran for the rails. The rails in those days were known as '[steep?] rails,'

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and they were made of wooden timbers with strips of iron nailed on the tops. After the rails were taken up they cut down the road bed to its present level and used the dirt to fill in around the part of the town where you live / , South Brunswick Street /is. That used to be low and [??]. Down here on Pine Street where my father lived ([??]) was practically in the woods. There used to be drifts down here some winters fifteen feet high, and the only way they could get uptown was to use [skis?] or snowshoes. * Insert from P.9

(The Life of Mike Pelletier) [??] "my name is Magloire Pelletier. I suppose that sentence ought to be at the first end of the story instead of the last only but it's better late than never. Mike is a nickname that they call me for short. My last name is Pelletier, but sometimes I spell it Pelky. Mitchell is just the English way of sayin' my first name. Mike: "My father lived on a farm in Canada. He came to Old Town from St. [Herbert?], Quebec, in 1865. * The first place he worked was in a sawmill in Veazie that was owned by General Samuel Veazie who built the old Veazie Railroad between Bangor and Old Town. That Veazie road (he refers to the street now known as Perkins Avenue along which the railroad run, long after the tracks were torn up the throughfare was known as the "Veazie Railroad"), was twenty feet higher than it is now when the railroad ran along there. It was much narrower at the top and wide enough only for the rails. The rails in those days were known as '[steep?] rails,' and they were made of wooden timbers with strips of iron nailed on the tops. After the rails were taken up they cut down the road bed to its present level and used the dirt to fill in around that part of the town where you lived / ?] live, South Brunswick Street /is. That used to be low and [??]. Down here on Pine Street where my father lived (Pine Street) was practically in the woods. There used to be drifts down here some winters fifteen feet high, and the only way they could get uptown was to us [skis?] or snowshoes. * Insert from P.9